

lust is in cages till storm breaks loose by viktorcreed

Series: [a kiss with a fist is better than none \[2\]](#)

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Summary:

Billy spends a disproportionate amount of time Steve watching at school, he tells himself it's harmless because he's only doing it to antagonize his royal highness. But that's not technically true, Billy can't get enough of Steve, especially not lately when the other boy is still so fantastically bruised from the other day. Every time Billy catches a flash of the purple and now lightly yellowed mouth shaped marks it makes his blood boil.

Or, Billy and Steve both keep trying to convince themselves they're straight.

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Author's Note:

Sequel to king of kings, although you don't have to read it to understand what's going on here. Just know that you're missing out on Billy/Steve shower sex and I don't know how you could possibly live with yourself after that. Anyway expect more from these too because I'm obsessed and idgaf. Blame every single person who commented on king of kings and begged for more. MILD SPOILERS IN THIS AUTHOR'S NOTE BUT NOT THE FIC ITSELF. Set in an AU season 2 where Nancy and Steve definitively broke up after the party and the altercation between Steve and Billy never happened. Unbetaed all mistakes are my own.

This is so stupid, Steve regrets everything almost immediately. He's trying to pinpoint the exact moment his life took a prompt detour off the rails and went careening down the side of a cliff. He thinks he should probably stop, he wants to stop, he hears Dustin's voice in the back of his mind desperately screaming "Abort, abort!" And boy does that bring back memories but still he can't make his legs stop moving. They're still stepping one foot in front of the other, slowly but surely moving him closer ever still to Billy.

Billy, who is glaring vitriol at him and Steve really wants to stop moving forward but he can't. And he thinks to himself, Billy is really hot for a guy. Steve almost hates himself for thinking it because Billy was a bag of dicks and a half. And despite what happened last week in the showers he still treats Steve like shit and Steve still wants him.

Billy doesn't say anything, doesn't dare take a step closer just watches Steve's slow approach with a wild look in his eyes, like a wounded and trapped animal. Steve's cautious waiting for him to lash out.

"Hey," Steve greets softly, lamely. Billy glares. "I was thinking we could talk." Billy glares harder. "About what happened last week...in

the--"

"Shut the fuck up." Billy says low slow and dangerous. Steve's mouth shuts with a click immediately and he frowns caught somewhere between hurt and offense. "Get in." Billy gestures to his car and Steve's frown deepens.

He has his own car.

"I have my own car." He says in response and Billy sneers at him.

"Get in." Billy repeats darker this time and Steve just stares. It's not like he's actually scared of Billy or anything it's more like he doesn't just want to blindly follow his orders. That would give the wrong impression. "We're not talking about this shit here." Billy says quietly, its almost a whisper. It almost makes him look weak.

They're currently in the parking lot just after school let out and Steve gets his meaning after a minute. Billy doesn't want to risk talking about the shower incident where they might be overheard. Which seems ironic to Steve given what they had done on school grounds just a week ago. That's how irony works right? Steve's not sure and he has no interest in asking for a second opinion.

For a moment he considers refusing outright, but upon reflection he's not entirely keen on having this conversation out in public like this either. And the look in Billy's eyes makes him reasonably sure that if were to try and do so he might just get slugged in the face for his trouble. So instead wordlessly he gets in the passenger seat and waits while Billy climbs into the drivers side and the speed off to God knows where.

And shit, Steve hadn't really thought about this, Billy was in control here. This was his car and he was driving. Steve shifts nervously in his seat and shudders slightly at the implication.

This isn't exactly what he had in mind when he approached Billy.

Well, actually he hadn't had anything in mind when he approached Billy. He was just going to bum around at home for a while after school until he'd caught a glimpse of Nancy, and Steve couldn't afford to think about Nancy it was too risky.

Because Nancy is beautiful and strong and smart and brave and perfect in every conceivable way except that Nancy doesn't love him. And it should piss him off, but instead it just hurts because Steve loves Nancy.

Even though his parents dismiss the idea, they think Steve is too stupid to know what love means. Any yeah maybe Steve is stupid about most things but he knows he's in love with Nancy because not being with her tears a hole through his chest roughly the size of a golf ball. He can't even be mad at her really because it isn't her fault she doesn't love Steve.

Steve has never felt this way about anyone before, he's never cried over a girl like this before. And Steve does cry, late at night when he's sure no one could possibly overhear him. He feels like crying every time he so much as thinks about Nancy and he thinks about her all the time.

Except of course for that time last week in the shower with Billy, Steve was so shell shocked by that moment he couldn't think of anything else, not even Nancy. He goes home and doesn't eat because he's feeling too numb to process hunger and falls into a restless dreamless sleep.

He doesn't shed a single tear.

So when he sees Nancy that afternoon he desperately needs a distraction and his mind settles immediately on Billy.

He glances at Billy out of the corner of his eye, and he feels like he should say something but he can't make any words come out. He has no idea what to even say. Frankly he was more than happy to completely ignore the shower incident and never speak or dwell on it again.

But Steve is realizing that's pretty fucking impossible because just being this close to Billy is starting to make him feel hot again.

"My parents aren't home." Steve says after several minutes of driving, or it's more like speeding really, in silence. He has no idea what possessed him to say that, well that's not technically true. Steve is maybe almost half hard already and he's starting to realize when he approached Billy he probably never even really wanted to talk in the first place.

Billy snorts, it's a cruel and derisive sound that Steve doesn't much appreciate. "Whatever you say." He replies darkly and turns up the volume so that Scorpions is blasting through the speakers loud enough to hurt.

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Steve's parents are loaded because of course they are. Billy takes one look at Steve's house and he wants to punch the other boy in the throat but he kind of always wants to punch Steve in the throat so it's not that surprising.

Billy finds this whole situation fucking surreal and he thinks to himself how much more of a bitch Steve really is; because he's just as desperate for Billy's cock as any of the other girls in school. The thought makes him smirk, and it should be attractive. But a smirk on Billy is mean and vicious twist of his lips that's actually more comparative to a snarl.

Steve leads him inside and up the stairs into his room and Billy doesn't miss for a second that the guy is already aroused. He is too if he's being honest with himself, but Billy is rarely ever honest with himself.

The door closing behind them is completely unnecessary because Steve's parents aren't home and they won't be for several days but the kid's nervous and Billy finds it delicious.

Billy spends a disproportionate amount of time Steve watching at school, he tells himself it's harmless because he's only doing it to antagonize his royal highness. But that's not technically true, Billy can't get enough of Steve, especially not lately when the other boy is still so fantastically bruised from the other day. Every time Billy catches a flash of the purple and now lightly yellowed mouth shaped marks it makes his blood boil.

"You wanted to talk, queer, so talk."

Steve glares hotly at him, and Billy almost licks his lips it's so delicious the way Steve's cheeks heat up and his cute little pink mouth pouts in furious indignation.

"You touched me. You jerked me off. You're the queer."

Billy snarls and shoves Steve back hard against his door. "You begged me for it." Steve stays pinned against the door by Billy's hands grabbing his shirt and pushing him up against the door. Billy's watching his eyes get all big and shiny like a fucking Disney princess. "You begged like a pretty little bitch. Pretty, pretty please." Billy mocks and he doesn't miss the fact that Steve is getting harder by the second.

"I-" Steve starts and then stops. Billy watches his mouth closely as his tongue darts out to lick at his lip, eyes sliding down to stare at Steve's throat as he swallows nervously. "I want to suck your dick."

That's, not at all what Billy's expecting. He can't ever figure out what's going on inside this kid's head. But he's not about to say no. A mouth was a mouth. This didn't make him a fucking queer or anything.

"Whatever you want, princess."

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Steve thinks to himself, with some satisfaction, that his dick is technically bigger than Billy's. Not by much but enough to soothe his sore ego. He's not sure what possessed him to get down on his knees like this for Billy except that he'd thought about it before and he just wanted too. And he's tired of not getting what he wants.

Billy's a jerk but at least he wants Steve back.

This isn't something Steve's done before, at least not from this end of it, but he does know some things he likes. So he wets his lips and kisses the head gently once and then a second time to work out his some of his nervousness. Then he presses his tongue against the head too and lick's down to the base. Billy breathes in sharply and Steve feels marginally more confident.

The taste of Billy's dick is mostly skin with a heady underlying musk that's not altogether unpleasant. He sucks the head into his mouth and runs his tongue along Billy's slit and he listens to Billy curse quietly under his breath. Steve might have smirked if he didn't have a mouth full of dick.

He reaches up with both a hand to firmly stroke the shaft because it's not like Steve can actually take Billy's entire dick in his mouth like that. He sets a steady pace, bobbing his head in time with the strokes.

Billy reaches a hand down to grab at his hair, which Steve is not particularly happy about because his hair takes a lot of work actually but he keeps his attention focused on the task at hand because Billy starts to shallowly thrust his hips into Steve's mouth too.

They have a good rhythm going until Steve gets a little too enthusiastic, tries to take Billy deeper than he can and it makes him gag accordingly. Tears spring to his eyes and his stomach lurches but he doesn't throw up, thank, God. Instead it makes him drool excessively and things get a lot more slippery and messy after that.

“Fuck yeah, princess.” Billy groans and suddenly Steve can taste tangy bitter pre-cum on his tongue. It should gross him out but instead it makes his own cock leak in response because holy fuck he can smell it too.

Sucking Billy’s dick is so hot, Steve can’t even pretend not to love it. He looks up at Billy for a second and is shocked to see that Billy is staring right back, his gaze his laser focused and electric. Steve had just assumed Billy was going to close his eyes and pretend some random girl was sucking him off, not that he’s complaining because the heat of Billy’s gaze is doing things to his cock right now.

Steve presses his free hand against his dick, trying to release some up of the pressure he’s feeling and he moans around Billy’s cock as he does it.

Everything about this is getting to be too much, Steve is sweating he is so hot, and Billy’s dick just keeps leaking pre-cum. And Billy is growling, like an animal, and Steve feels a bit like an animal too. Desperate and wild and wanting.

He feels that electricity in the air, his whole room is charged with it and he knows Billy’s about to cum, and it’s because of him. Because Steve is sucking his dick, sloppy and wet and moaning and drooling and fuck--

Billy’s cum exploding in his mouth is so shocking Steve pulls away after the first hot spurt of cum on his tongue and the second one splashes against his chin and a final one against his shoulder.

Steve doesn't even need to touch his cock after that, he feels it leaking and cumming in his jeans and doesn't even have the presence of mind to feel embarrassed about it.

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Billy can't even remember the last time he came this hard. Every time he closes his eyes he sees Steve's face flushed red with his wide fucking bambi eyes filling with tears, pink bruised lips wrapped around his dick, so he keeps his eyes open.

Steve is panting quietly trying to catch his breath and Billy doesn't miss the fact that he's cum in his jeans. He got off on sucking Billy's dick and the knowledge of that does things to Billy that he doesn't really understand.

"I'm not a fag." Billy tells Steve because it's true and he needs the other boy to understand that, so he doesn't start getting any stupid ideas in his head.

"Neither am I." Steve replies after a long moment of silence.

Billy smirks, his expression sour and mocking. "Whatever you say, *princess*."

Author's Note:

Fight me about it.